Predator Class
By
Alexander Gordon Jahans

They called it Utopia.

It was a compromise between civilised cultures with the tantalizing dangers the new technologies offered. Some stuff was imported immediately, the different sylph cures being sold as over the counter SRS. Millennials and the depressed flocked to get imprinted with their own cognitive off switches, keyed to their own specific remotes. In private hospitals temporary dosing with sylph pills was used as a very expensive cure to suit all kinds of ailments. At anti-ageing centers for the super rich, ageing celebrities and CEOs paid ridiculous sums for Red Pill variants carefully calculated to leave the resultant weresylphs unaffected by either rage or submissiveness. Memory Guns were increasingly used to administer training for new employees. Space folding technology was used to open up new office and apartment space. Local gravity annulment allowed a booming space tourism business to take off.

Utopia was built initially in the great boom that happened to space tourism. It was constructed to be a pleasure colony at one of the Lagrange points with a Dyson Sphere design. A great sphere with multiple habitation levels inside. An artificial sun at its core, made of UV emitting lights that were programmed to switch on and off in a way that mimmicked the experience of a day/night cycle on Earth. There were solar panels built about the outside, facing the sun. Small logic powered thrusters studded the exterior of the ship and were rigged up to a dormant assistive drive AI. They made it so they could steer the pleasure colony out of the path of an asteroid if need be. They wanted the wonder they built to last. Utopia was a marvel of engineering, and nobody cared because Disney was no longer limited by geography and transport was no longer limited by runway space, the cost of oil or the weight of passengers.

So this great marvel of human ingenuity and imagination. - The time humanity looked to Douglas Adams and said “Magrathea Smagrathea, humans are superior!” and they succeeded. They had all the sights. The rolling fields of England, Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament, Loch Ness with an actual Dragon, the Eiffel Tower, the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, the Golden Gate Bridge and Alcatraz. They had Uluru, the Sydney Opera House and a Mount Everest twice as tall but with wheelchair ramps and McDonalds every half a kilometer. - It went out of business and nobody cared because sure it had everything but everything was so much nearer, cheaper and easier to get to.

Utopia had been a genuine heartfelt name. A hope of creating a better world. It was meant be a light towards humanity’s future but humanity would never boldly go and do anything. Stupid lazy arrogant apes.

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Prologue
A Modest Proposal

Bob Schafer, the guy who spearheaded the project was drowning his sorrows at a bar when a tall woman, who looked like Tim Burton’s take on Mary Poppins, entered. She approached the bar and asked in a Glaswegian accent. “Can I get two whiskeys and a bottle please?”

The barman wordlessly filled two tumblers then presented an unopened bottle of Glenfiddich.

The Gaunt Glaswegian Mary Poppins smiled appreciatively then slapped her purse against the side of the card reader.

There was a beep then the barman nodded and went to see to other customers.

“Drink!” commanded the strange lady.

Bob looked up at her, shrugged then proceeded to lift a tumbler to his lips.

“I know how to save your space colony.” said the stranger.

Bob paused, the drink at his lips.

“I said drink.” Commanded the stranger.

Bob downed the whiskey. “Why do I need to drink if I can save my life’s work?”

He burped.

The stranger frowned, laid her umbrella on the table, looked him in the eyes and said. “Because you aren’t going to like what I have to say.”

Bob stared at the stranger contemptuously. “What could you possibly say that would save my life’s work but make me need to keep drinking?”

The stranger smiled sadly. “Well think about it? What is the one truly unique thing about your colony?”

Bob stared at the stranger. He hadn’t the foggiest what she was getting at.

The stranger removed a card from her purse and slid it across the bar to Bob.

Bob looked at the stranger uncertainly then picked up the card and read it:

The Bam-Kursh
Recreational Toy Maker
Conqueror of Universes
Dominant Supreme

Bob swallowed. “Oh...”

“They won’t allow me to hunt on Earth. Too many rules...” said the stranger apologetically. She looked him carefully in the eyes and said. “I’d pay for everything. All the marketing, all the infrastructure, all the employees. Just let me hunt.”

Bob wordlessly picked up the other tumbler of whiskey.

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Chapter 1
A Light Snack

Madison Levy was on her gap year after college. She had been nervous throughout the flight. She'd turned twenty a week ago and now she walked the streets of Utopia feeling tiny before the vastness of the pleasure colony.

Madison was 5 foot 3, slender, with long straight hazel brown hair and turquoise rimmed glasses. She wore canvas trainers, a stripy green tanktop and a short denim skirt. She idly wondered about buying more covering clothes but that wasn't the point of this place. The temperature was kept up just high enough that bare skin felt more comfortable. She wore her Veto card about her neck and walked in a daze for a while.

Millennial Angst was not uncommon, particularly surrounding key life stages, and Madison was feeling it strongly now.

"Do you want some chips?" asked a male voice out of the blue jovially.

Madison was roused from her reverie and saw a man walking beside her. She stopped and shook her head as she blinked back to her senses.

He waited patiently for her to recover herself.

Madison beat back the angst for a moment and looked at the man.

He was six foot, pale skinned with neatly combed short black hair. He had the most piercing blue eyes and a neatly trimmed beard and moustache. He was smiling politely and had his hands clasped behind his back. He wore a black three piece suit and -

"Is that a cape?" asked Madison.

He chuckled lightly. It was like a contented cat's purr. "I was slightly worried you had something wrong with you and had been sent here not fully aware of what was going on."

"Sorry..." said Madison with an awkward smile.

"It's fine." said the strange man. "And it's a cloak..." He leaned close to Madison. "Like a vampire." He leaned back and smiled good naturedly.

Madison stared at him. Her eyes were wide with shock as her mouth hung open.

"Not literally a vampire, of course. Haven't been a walking corpse for a while now." He chuckled again. "I just like to subtly advertise so people know how to feel about me. Shall we?"

"Chips?" asked Madison, as if checking that she wasn't on the menu.

"Just this way..." said the strange man as he took the lead.

Madison followed him into a vast canteen and stood beside him in the queue.

Madison fumbled with the pockets of her skirt as she queued.

“I’m paying...” said the strange man without looking around.

“You don’t have to...” said Madison.

“And you didn’t have to come to Utopia.” said the strange man, still not looking around. “Filling your stomach for a moment of your time is a fair trade for me.”

Madison smiled awkwardly then blushed and felt foolish when she realised her companion couldn’t see any of this.

The strange man chuckled that cat’s purr again. It seemed to comfort Madison.

When at last they reached the counter Madison looked at all the greasy food. Jacket potatoes, bangers and mash, fish fingers, breaded chicken fillets and a full English breakfast were all an option, and that was just British stuff. Her stomach rumbled.

A fat man with tattoos and a nose ring wearing chef’s whites asked in this guttural hackney accent. “So how’ll you be wanting the girl?”

Madison looked to her companion.

The strange man smiled awkwardly. “The lady will have a portion of chips, as will I.”

The chef gave let out a groan then looked to Madison. “Sorry for the misunderstanding, my fair lady, but if you ever do fancy...?”

Madison looked blankly back at him. The queuing had allowed the fog of Millennial Angst to cloud back around her.

“Two portions of chips.” said the chef abruptly as he set about plating them up.

Madison followed her companion as he flashed a wallet at a card reader. Then she accepted her plate of chips and picked out a handful of packets of salt and soy sauce before taking her plate of chips with her as she followed her companion to a table.

Madison focused on her chips and proceeded to douse them with salt and soy sauce before munching mechanically on them.

When her hunger was sated and her plate cleared she looked up at her companion. His chips were practically untouched.

“I can give you a Predator Class ticket and money enough to have a nice holiday before going home to whatever it is you’re running away from.” said the strange man at last. “You don’t have to do this.”

Madison stared at him and reacted with knee jerk outrage. “You misogynistic ass, just because a pretty girl books a Prey Class ticket -”

The strange man looked back her with a frown.

Madison groaned and raked her face with her hands. “I’m on my gap year, okay...”

“And you’re scared about the future?” asked the strange man.

Madison nodded and shrugged. “I’m supposed to go to university, supposed to get a degree in - I don’t know what - and hope I can keep pace with the machines.”

The strange man chuckled again.

Madison stared at him, infuriated. “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing.” said the strange man as he wiped tears from his eyes. “I’m just an arsehole.”

“You have a British accent.” said Madison suddenly.

“I have a friend who spends a lot of time in London.” said the strange man. “Look, I’m sorry for what you’re going through, I really honestly am but you’re right, there isn’t an easy answer.”

“It’s maddening.” said Madison. “Like my only chance is university but if I go to university then I put myself in impossible debt and it still probably won’t...” Madison closed her eyes and groaned. “I just don’t want to be but at the same time I like life, you know?”

“More than you could ever imagine.” said the strange man. A sad smile on his face.

“What happened to you?” asked Madison, concerned for her new companion.

The strange man shrugged. “My family... They did some things to me, strange things. It’s okay now but... Yeah... I know how it feels when you really can’t stand living but you’re terrified of dying.”

Madison reached a hand across the table and squeezed his arm compassionately.

The strange man looked first at Madison’s hand and then at her face. He winced. “I have a Predator Class ticket.”

Madison smirked. “Guess I’m a cheap date.”

“I don’t even know your name.” said the strange man. There was almost a touch of fear in his voice now.

Madison smiled, pulled back her hand and said. “Madison Levy, I just turned twenty, my favourite colour is blue and I’m a cis gendered bisexual woman. Who are you?”

The strange man froze, like a deer in the headlights, then his mind seemed to thaw and he smiled mischievously. “William Graham.”

Madison grinned. “Okay, William, well if you want me you can have me.”

‘William’ closed his eyes and grimaced. “No. I care too much for you.”

“You care about me?” asked Madison.

William realized what he said and opened his eyes with shock. “Fuck.”

Madison blushed. “You’re serious, aren’t you?”

William’s face collapsed.

Madison pulled the plastic wallet containing the red veto card that was hanging round her neck onto the table. She looked through the plastic wallet, pulled out a small green card and handed it to William.

“I can’t accept this.” said William. His voice was quiet but edged with sadness and frustration.

“You don’t have to use it.” said Madison with a kind smile. “We can just have fun, hang out, have a holiday and you can bid goodbye to me at the end of my holiday or if I get an offer I want to accept.”

“I am older than your universe and you know nothing about me.” said William in desperation.

“Age matters not.” said Madison warmly. “We’re both consenting adults and I think you look very yummy indeed.”

William grimaced. “Could you not describe people using taste? I have actually eaten people before.”

“Kinky...” said Madison. She licked her lips and looked hungrily at William. “So how would you eat me?” She thought for a moment then raised a hand. “No, don’t tell me. I want it to be a surprise when you take me.”

“A surprise?” asked William.

“I did my research before coming here.” said Madison confidently as she leaned back. “I know what the possibilities are. Frankly all of them seem fantastic if you’re doing it.”

“I’m a monster!” cried William in frustration.

Madison shrugged. “I’m a Millennial caught between self destructive urges and a desperate desire to survive. I’m not going to judge you for past decisions.”

“Presently.” said William. “And I’ve met my future self. I don’t improve much.”

Madison grinned and showed off her pearly white American teeth. “Two of you, now that is a thought that will never fail to entertain me.”

“We’ve had ONE conversation.” said William. “One.”

“Then lets have more.” said Madison. “You can tell me about this friend of yours.”

William sighed and raked his face. “The one time I try to be nice, the one bloody time and she refuses to let me.”

“I can go...” said Madison with a laugh. “I just want to make sure you know that you can have me if you want me.”

William groaned then stared at Madison as he frowned. “The problem is I do want you. You are so his type and that makes you so my type because I really really like dominating his type.”

Madison blushed and giggled as she looked away awkwardly.

William looked at the green card Madison had offered him. He sighed and stowed it in his wallet. “Okay, you get a month. One month and then I’m handing this card back to you and we never see each other again.”

“Okay...” said Madison. She looked to him and smiled. “Thank you.”

“I suppose I can keep the other predators away and give you a chance to enjoy yourself if nothing else.” said William. “But this doesn’t mean anything. We’re not even necessarily friends. If you wander off I’ll just assume you found a Predator you like the look of or something and – equally - no judging me for the prey I get.”

“Absolutely.” said Madison with a nod. “Just two people sharing a holiday together.”

“Good.” said William gruffly. “Glad, we understand each other.”

“Are you going to finish those chips?” asked Madison.

“No, but you’re not eating them.” said William with a smirk.

Madison raised an eyebrow.

William looked at her chest. “Girls who look like that do not have two portions of chips. Come on.”

William rose from his seat then looked expectantly at her.

Madison frowned, affronted for a moment, then she smiled. “You care about my figure. You like how I look...”

William sighed. “I just don’t want to leave you with an eating disorder.”

“Liar.” said Madison smugly as she rose from her seat. “You’re attracted to me.”

“Is this what it’s going to be like all the time?” asked William as he started walking.

Madison giggled and followed after him.

Chapter 2
Gallows Humour

They spent a month travelling around Utopia. They got selfies with Nessie, Big Foot and the Mermaids of the Mediterranean. They climbed Everest and the Himalayas, saw Santa at the North Pole and flew atop reindeer. The saw the flying sharks of Australia and the great white whale from Moby Dick. As they talked a genuine friendship formed even as sexual chemistry caused bouts of awkwardness between the pair of them.

Madison woke on her final day to find William watching over her from his position on a chair beside her bed. “Hi...”

William smiled awkwardly. “I woke early, nervous about today and then you just looked so peaceful I couldn’t wake you.”

Madison grinned. “You know if anybody else did that I would be very angry at the invasion of privacy.”

William blushed and looked away awkwardly as he rose from the chair. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have -”

“Stay!” Commanded Madison.

William promptly sat his arse back in the chair.

“I gave you my green card, you could always have just taken me while I slept. I wouldn’t have minded.” said Madison.

William shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “I made you a full English Breakfast.”

Madison raised an eyebrow. “Made me?”

William coughed. “Stupid idea really... I can go order you a normal -”

“No.” said Madison, politely but firmly. “I want to see this.”

Madison pulled back the covers to reveal she was naked.

William hurriedly closed his eyes.

“You’re fine to stay.” said Madison as she headed to the shower. “You can help me dress if you like?”

After showering and getting dressed Madison entered into the dining hall. She wore the clothes she’d worn on her first day in Utopia and gazed on a vast banquet of streaky bacon, sausages, black puddings, fried eggs, scrambled eggs, hash browns, potato dauphinoise, chips, large fried tomatoes, large fried mushrooms, fried bread, bread for toasting of different kinds and croissants of different flavour fillings. An array of spreads and juices of different flavours was laid out before it

Madison swallowed hungrily. “I thought you liked me thin.”

“It’s your last day.” said William with pride. “I thought you deserved it for putting up with me.”

Madison approached the table, picked up a plate and started piling up different bits of food on her plate.

Then she noted a large metal dish cover. She paused and repeated the words. “Made you a full English...”

William coughed awkwardly.

Madison turned. The man who was usually very happy invading her personal space and taking hold over her was standing far behind her, a good meter or so from the door. “William, do I want to know what’s underneath that cover?”

“He had the same name as that friend of mine and he was Prey Class, working to further his travels round Utopia and I knew it was your last day and that you likely wouldn’t have an opportunity like this again...” said William. He seemed to shrink back.

Madison lifted the dish cover. The head of a pale man with short brown hair looked blankly back at her, a smile on his cold lips. Madison lowered the dish cover. “Did you kill him?”

“Not at first...” said William.

Madison grimaced. “You really aren’t a nice man are you, William?”

“Nope...” said William bluntly.

Madison nodded and considered putting the meat back then she saw a smaller metal dish cover and her hand shot out to it.

When Madison had finished plating up her first round for breakfast she took a seat at the table that had been laid out.

William watched Madison awkwardly.

Madison said in an annoyed tone. “If you had wanted to kill me you would have done so by now. Take a seat, I’m not scared of you.”

William breathed a sigh of relief then took a seat opposite Madison.

Madison was slicing into something as she said. “You didn’t have to kill him.”

“I know.” said William.”But I wanted to. It’s fun. Seeing the light pass from their eyes. Feeling their soul dissipate.”

Madison jabbed her fork into the piece she’d sliced off then carried it to her lips, closed her lips about it, pulled back the fork and started to chew.

“Besides, you deserve the original and the best.” said William. “That’s pure human you’re eating, not a weresylph or some toy boy.”

Madison nodded, swallowed the morsel then smiled. “Well it is good, I’ll give you that.” Madison started slicing into the sausage again. “Is this why you reacted with such terror at me giving you my green card?”

William shrugged. “Partly. Even the other ways feel too...” He sighed. “You’re a very lovely woman Madison and I’m a very nasty man. I could have so much fun with you but I just want you to be happy and healthy.”

“So not with you?” asked Madison as she swallowed down another morsel.

William groaned. “If you want me to go -”

Madison shook her head as she forked up another morsel. “I want us to have so much fun together.”

“Even though I am a predator who could quite literally eat you for breakfast?” said William.

Madison smirked, swallowed down the morsel then said. “I’m curious. Was he conscious when you took his genitals?”

William stared at Madison. “How did you -?” His eyes widened with shock. “You’ve been eating his...?”

Madison grinned, showing off those unnaturally pearly white teeth again. “It’s not the first time I’ve had a cock in my mouth but it’s by far the most enjoyable. And for the record I only want you to keep me alive when you eat me so we can keep on hanging out together. If you did decide to kill me I wouldn’t blame you and indeed I’d hope you got all the pleasure you could from it.”

William grimaced, distinctly unsettled.

Madison giggled and shoved a testicle in her mouth. She chewed thoughtfully then asked. “So how would you have done it? Strangulation? I think I’d like that. Very forceful that.”

Madison plopped the other testicle into her mouth, chewed thoughtfully again then suggested. “Or maybe you’d cut me? Somewhere discreet I’m thinking? Maybe so I don’t even notice at first? You’d want me to have time, to feel my life ebbing away. Part of me wants to imagine you cradling me once I realise what you’ve done and we have one desperate passionate snog before the light leaves my eyes.”

William stared at Madison, horrified.

“Except I think you’d be more likely to do it as we say goodbye.” said Madison enthusiastically. “You wouldn’t want me to know you’d given in. I’d just say goodbye, get on my transport, stow my luggage and slowly bleed out. I’d die just before I entered Earth’s legal jurisdiction. You wouldn’t need me to know. You wouldn’t need to do anything with my body. It would be enough for you to know that you’d ended my precious young life. Let me believe I’d escaped, let me face the crushing reality of university and debt then take it all from me.”

Madison looked up from her food and found William was staring at her. Except there was a mix of pride and admiration on his face now.

“That was beautiful.” said William and he reached out to stroke her face. “Weird but beautiful.”

“I’m up for it if you want to do it.” said Madison warmly then she looked him right in the eyes and

said. “Seriously. I’d gladly die for your pleasure.”

“I’m not going to kill you.” said William with a chuckle as he shook his head. “Besides nothing I did would be a patch on what you just described.”

Madison mused for a moment. “You could fuck me to death? That I would enjoy.”

William chuckled. “Finish your breakfast. It’s going to be a long day.”

A few hours later Madison finished her breakfast.

Chapter 3
The Truth

They spent most of the day finishing off the sights Madison wanted to see, the entire time a nervous tension built between them. Everything was so normal in a really bizarre way, here they were in a space colony with the constant awareness that she had given him legal permission to do anything to her, yet they carried on like they were just two holiday friends enjoying their last day at Disneyland.

They walked along a beach eating ice cream as all about them young men and women bathed in the sun or the water. Girls laughed as Vamps suckled at their necks beneath parasols, hunks walked at the end of leashes held by cougars who aggressively guarded their young friends.

“I hate sand.” said William. “It gets fucking everywhere.”

“That’s why I like it.” said Madison mischievously as her tongue lapped at the creams peaks. “To feel myself totally enveloped and invaded as the heat of the sun bears down on me.”

William stared at Madison. His mouth wide open.

Madison spared him a glance and said sultrily. “It’s so coarse and rough...”

William closed his eyes, muttered an indecipherable curse under his breath then glared at Madison. “Are you seriously trying to chat me up by quoting Anakin Skywalker?”

Madison giggled.

William groaned.

They walked in silence as they finished their ice creams then William declared. “There’s something I want to show you.”

Madison looked to him, finishing her icecream before speaking. “What?”

“The Truth.” said William.

“If you think we’ve got time.” said Madison.

William held out his left hand, palm up. “You’ll understand when you get home.”

Madison put her right hand in his. “Then lay on, MacDuff.”

They caught a displacement transit to the bottom of a mountain.

Madison read the tourist information sign:

Mount Perdition
Climb the 7000 steps laid down by the Great Maker
Witness the Tribute to the Pantheon of the Seven.
Pay homage to the dead of the Forever War

Madison said nothing. She could already see that William was walking ahead and hurried to keep up.

As they climbed the steps they came across a small statue and water fountain. There was an offering bowl and signs of water being splashed.

Madison made to move on, aware of time being a factor.

William grabbed her arm.

Madison looked to him curiously.

“We do this properly.” said William with quiet authority. Then he tossed a coin into the offering bowl and splashed the water from the fountain onto his forehead. Wordlessly he held out a coin to Madison.

Madison nodded, understanding. She took the coin, tossed it into the offering bowl then splashed water onto her forehead. She spared a glance to William.

William gave a small smile of thanks then headed up the stairs again.

Every thousand steps was a shrine with a different statue and at each shrine they would stop, make an offering and splash their foreheads with the water.

Madison noticed that William behaved very differently. The normally brash and jokey misanthrope was quiet, reserved and reverent. Madison had spent the past month longing for him to take hold of her and usher a command but she understood that this was different. William hadn’t been lustful, sadistic or even angry or condescending. He hadn’t acted on her because of how he felt about her. He had acted because this was important to him.

At the last shrine Madison noticed an array of statues within sight. She looked to William.

William bowed his head and gestured for her to go on. “I just need a moment.”

Madison walked on. First she came to a large sculpture and realised it contained larger versions of the statues from the shrines. It looked like a sculpted version of The Last Supper by Leonardo DaVinci. She read the names beneath the statues from left to right:

Spring-Heeled Jack, The Bam-Kursh, The Farsh-nuke,

Viorum Kaztif-tan,
Gfaxxy Quluwmcy, Galla Placidia, Pacifis Subis

Madison walked on and found a statue depicting a great seven sided machine with mechanical claws at every vertice. On one side a number of men in suits were pointing wands at it. A man further back seemed to be conducting them like an orchestra. On another side of the mechanical monstrosity a beautiful young looking woman led the charge, wielding a gun of some sort. Behind her a shark with mechanical limbs, an anthropomorphic cat, a large predatory lizard, a great emu and a spider the size of a car stood in military formation firing at the enemy.

Madison went to read the plaque but she froze when she heard William's voice.

He spoke loudly but calmly. "They called it the Forever War because there was no end in sight and technically didn't end, only shifted to another plane of reality."

Madison turned and saw William approaching.

"They were called the Septagonoids." said William as he came to stand beside her and gestured at the mechanical monster. "Beings of Pure Logic whose need for purity and logical consistency drove them all towards wiping out the entirety of reality."

Madison let him speak. She could feel that this was hard for him.

William gestured to the men in suits. "My people were a race, an organization, called the Logicios. We were founded by the great Farsh-nuke and, for as long as I can remember, we fought the Septagonoids. Billions died daily. It was hell. I did my time and I served for the good of all the multiverse but I did not do so for nothing. None of us did. Even the bravest and most noble of us."

William looked to Madison and took her hands in his.

Madison felt how gentle he was being with her but she could feel the tremors in his hands and when she looked into his eyes they seemed to glow with an otherworldly green light.

"I did it for you." said William earnestly. "For girls like you. We all did."

He closed his eyes and bit his lip.

Madison gave him the time to find his words, interested in the expressions passing across his face.

He opened his eyes and there was such anger and guilt there but his voice was low and quiet. "We were monsters, Madison. All of us. We raped, kidnapped, drugged and slaughtered millions- billions of girls. Those who lived long enough anyway."

Madison hardened her jaw but she stayed silent. Let him talk.

He barked a short coarse laugh as he looked at the statue then he looked Madison in the eyes. "I am not a good man. I will never be a good man. I am cruel, selfish, greedy and sadistic. I have done so many terrible terrible things and you should run, run far away and never ever look back."

Madison didn't say anything but when William tried to take his hands away Madison kept hold of them and she shook her head.

William grimaced. "Madison, take a good look at the woman on the left. Her name is Lucy Danse, she was the Paragon of Virtue. The woman who walked a hundred million universes and helped a hundred million revolutions. She founded the United Civilisations of the Multiverse and she coordinated their fight against the Septagonoids. I was sent by the Logicios to take her down. I am not one of the fucking good guys."

Madison looked William in the eyes then squeezed his hands. "No. You listen to me now."

William fell silent and nodded her on.

"The first time we met, you told me you'd eaten someone." said Madison. "You must be mad if you think I haven't thought through every possible permutation of what you could have done. What you told me doesn't make you a monster. It makes you a mercenary who served a good cause. I can respect that."

William sighed. "I had to tell you the truth. I had to try and save you."

"Well don't." said Madison with a cheeky smile. "Monster me."

William looked into her eyes and bit his lip.

Madison's eyes slid to his crotch and she licked her lips hungrily.

"I'll give a year's subscription to my product line if you let me take that girl off your hands." said a Glaswegian female.

"She's not for sale." declared William with sudden anger as he looked towards the source of the voice.

Madison let go of William's hands.

William placed himself before Madison as the Tim Burton style Mary Poppins approached.

"Yes she is..." said the Glaswegian with good humour. "She might have given you her green card but you've had a month to accept her and you still haven't. What's the matter? I'm offering you twelve girls for the price of one, I call that a good deal. I can even throw in the memory gun rounds so the little dears will fall in love with you if you like?"

William bit his lip.

Madison had her red veto card showing prominently now as she strode out from behind William. "You heard the master. I'm not for sale so fuck off."

William grabbed Madison's hand and stared at the stranger.

"Oh, he's calling himself the Master is he?" said the strange woman. "Well allow me to introduce myself, I am the Great Maker. The Great Toy Maker to be precise. I am the Elder God known as the

Bam-Kursh and I had Utopia funded so I could have somewhere to hunt girlies like you. Come on, don't you want to feel the embrace of someone who really knows how to dominate a girl."

William looked to Madison and said. "You can go with her if you want. I mean I have said so from the beginning - And besides it's a good deal. She'd treat you right enough and you would make a fine toy."

Madison shook her head then looked up into William's eyes. "I could have left you at any point during the last month but I want you, even if it's just for a few more hours before I go home. I am yours."

William looked to the Bam-Kursh. "Well, you heard her. I know you claim ultimate authority in this place but I also know that you depend upon consent and she just denied it."

The Bam-Kursh nodded and smiled good naturedly. "He's right. I can't claim that my girls join me of their own free will and volition but I need them to think they want what I offer them."

Madison raised an eyebrow, not trusting the apparent admission an inch.

The Bam-Kursh said. "There is one thing you should probably consider. The Logicios were founded by a geek and fan of scifi and fantasy. That obsession passed onto them along with the desire for skinny young women and sharks. So you might want to consider what sort of man chooses to model himself on the villain from a TV show."

Madison stared at the woman. She didn't understand..

"She's right." said William sadly and he turned to Madison. "A Logicio crash landed in my village. I think it was 2007 maybe? Me and my friend Reg, we signed up. I mean who wouldn't be up for guns, girls and travelling the multiverse? Seven hundred years later we graduated as Alpha Logicios and we were sent to the front lines. The thing is that the name you take on at the academy is branded into your very soul and written into the great history of the Logicios. So it's important, far far too important to leave up to your parents before you were even born..."

Madison looked at the man she had always known as William afresh. Dressed in a black three piece suit with a black cloak, short back hair and a well groomed black beard and moustache.

"My name isn't Will Graham, that was a lie." said the man in black. "I am the Dominator."

Madison shivered with delight as he said the words. "I thought there was a reason I liked you."

The Bam-Kursh burst out laughing.

The man in black chuckled then turned to face the Bam-Kursh again. "I have another name, bestowed upon me by the Emperor for my services against the Paragon of Virtue. I am the Champion of the Logicios and you are the enemy of our great founder."

The Bam-Kursh's laughter died in her throat. "Sorry, what?"

Madison appeared behind the man in black and said calmly. "This is the part where you run."

The Bam-Kursh snorted. "Me? Listen, girl, I fought for the United Civilisations, I still fight for the

United Civilisations, I have allied with the Freedom Collective and I fight against the Nazis spreading out across the multiverse! Ask your brave champion where he was when his people fell."

Madison was forceful. "He doesn't have to. I want the man he is now. So what if he fucked up in the past?"

The Bam-Kursh rolled her eyes then looked imploringly at the man in black. "If you truly are the Champion of the Logicios then help protect their legacy, help protect the multiverse so many of them fought and died for."

Madison couldn't see the face of the man in black but she saw the look of disappointment fall across the Bam-Kursh's face.

"Alright..." said the Bam-Kursh at last. "Then I wish you luck."

With that the Bam-Kursh opened her umbrella, jumped into the air and floated away.

Madison watched the man in black carefully.

The man in black walked with quiet purpose to where a third statue stood. It was of a young slender man in a three piece suit sat on a great throne, a large wand in his right hand and a leash held in his left.

Madison wordlessly took his hand.

"The Great Farsh-nuke..." said the man in black. "I met him once. He thanked me for taking on the Paragon. According to him I helped train her to better be the leader he needed her to be. I got the strangest sense then that he planned all of this. The attempt to seize breeding grounds for the Logicios and the resultant fight back and founding of the United Civilisations. Part of me even wonders if he planned the downfall of the Logicios..."

"You worship him, don't you?" asked Madison. "This is perhaps the most truthful you've ever been with me."

The man in black chuckled that cat's purr again and he nodded. He spread his arms wide. "This man founded the movement I fought for, the movement I still believe in..." He let his arms flop to his sides and bowed his head. "He died, they all died, every last Farsh-nuke. My empire went with them."

He turned back to Madison. "The worst part is the Bam-Kursh is right. I predicted what would happen when the Farsh-nukes sacrificed themselves and I ran and ran. Not even the Valkyries were able to find me."

"So what have you been doing?" asked Madison.

"Lying low." said the man in black. "Hiding out in places like this where my eccentricities won't cause a panic. I'm not ready for another war."

Madison acted now. She embraced him and stroked the stubble on his face. "Then don't fight in it. You heard that woman, there's two whole multiversal organisations working against the threat the multiverse faces. You can have a holiday." She kissed him lightly on the lips. "We could travel the

multiverse together, enjoying each other...”

The man in black smiled and licked his lips. He leaned back against the statue and slid down it a little. “Go. Now. Leave for the transport to Earth.”

“Not a chance...”said Madison mischievously as she proceeded to snog him.

The man in black did not resist, his tongue enjoying the opportunity presented.

Madison pulled back and grinned. “This wasn’t listed on the tourist information board. It’s your disguised ship isn’t it?”

The man in black chuckled. “Clever girl...”

“Nah...” said Madison with a smirk. “Only a moron gives her green card to a monster who eats people but I can be -” She reached her hands out to his trousers. “Very ditzy...”

The man raised his hand snapped his fingers.

A section of the stone statue slid away to reveal an opening.

Madison let go of the man in black and walked inside. She found an office chair in the center of an 8 sided desk upon which sat 7 different control terminals, to one side of the room was a selection of collars, leashes and bikinis on hooks, on another side stood a bunch of skinny young women, frozen in various poses, giddy smiles on each of their faces. There were two doors at the back of the room and a great view screen filled the fourth wall.

“It’s smaller on the inside...” said Madison in disbelief.

“It’s a scout ship.” said the man in black by way of explanation. “But there is more through those doors.”

“An abattoir?” asked Madison with a grin.

“You know it.” said the man in black with a smirk as he dipped out of the room through one of the doors at the back.

“Snacking on the go.” said Madison cheerfully. “I like it.”

Madison strode up and examined the girls. There was one on all fours in a bikini with long blonde hair tied back in pigtails. “Well certainly illustrious company.” mused Madison aloud as she idly stroked the rump of what she assumed was a statue or else plastic or stuffed memento. To her surprise the skin was warm, soft and very much alive.

Madison looked into the girl’s eyes. They were cinnamon brown and the irises seemed to react to the light.

Madison stepped back, suddenly nervous. She’d read about this in the brochure for Utopia. It was called ‘Plastic Posing’, you turned a person, posed them then turned off their mind. There were artists

who specialised in sculpting scenes using plastic posing. Most just used volunteers or paid special actors and actresses for their time in an exhibit as it toured the world. A very few however specialised in seducing as needed, and artists had used royalty, celebrities and even their own family in works before.

The man in black reentered the room. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah...” said Madison as she turned to the 8 sided desk. “What do these controls do?”

The man in black wasn’t fooled for a moment but walked around the eight sided desk, going anti-clockwise, starting with the terminal on the right side of the empty side of the desk and patting each in turn as he passed them. “Data Cross-Referencer - Incase you need to look anything up. Environmentals - How you check that the air, gravity and ship board logic is as it should be. Offensive and Defensive capabilities - How you check on shield strength and energy as power and ammunition for the weapons. Manual Control - Never advised but if it’s needed you do it here. Navigation - Where you plot your course through time and the Multiverse.”

He came close to Madison and looked at her hungrily.

Madison backed away around the desk as he approached. She was still nervous but her lust was fast over taking her and her breaths came shallower and faster.

“External Overview - How you make sure that everything immediately outside the ship is doing just fine.” He smiled as she backed away from him. He slapped his left hand down on the last terminal and said. “Traffic Scanner - In case you fancy playing hero by answering a distress signal.”

Madison stared at the man in black, her breath fast now.

“You’re scared?” asked the man in black. He smiled. “I like scared.” He cleared the hair from Madison’s face. “You suit scared.”

Madison swallowed. She didn’t know what her say, her fear and lust were at an impasse.

The man in black turned from Madison and investigated where she had been looking.

“You can go.” said the man in black as stroked the face of the girl on all fours. “I’ve shown you my true face. I’m a Predator, Madison, from the moment we first met I have wanted to do so many bad things to you. I am giving you permission, time and the opportunity. Take it.”

Madison shook her head. “You misunderstand me, I’m not scared you might hurt me, that you might pose me. I’m scared because for the first time in weeks I genuinely think you might take advantage of me and I don’t want to ruin that...”

The man in black turned to her and groaned. He approached her. “I have your consent to touch you? To kiss you?”

Madison nodded eagerly. “You have the ultimate consent to do whatever you want with me including torture and death.”

“You can’t grant that kind of consent.” said the man in black irritably.

“I can and I do.” said Madison earnestly. “Exclusively for you.”

The man in black groaned and stroked her face.

Madison blushed and smiled.

“You’re so soft...” said the man in black with a gasp.

Madison looked up at him and grinned.

The man in black took her face in his hands and kissed her gently on the lips then he pulled back and smiled. “I’m going to ask you to do something profoundly stupid.”

Madison giggled. “Well you picked the right girl.”

“Undoubtedly...” said the man in black as he reached into his pocket but held Madison’s gaze meaningfully.

Madison fell silent beneath that gaze. “Oh...”

“I would like to blindfold you then place something between your lips which I want you to swallow without chewing.” said the man in black as he pulled out a blindfold. “It could be a cyanide capsule designed to kill you, it could be a time release capsule of Smallpox so that you act as patient zero infecting all the world. It might even be a micronuke on a countdown to blow up Earth.”

Madison nodded. “I would have to be very stupid to do as you ask then?”

“Oh, unbelievably stupid.” said the man in black. “You’d have to be the kind of brainless moron who willingly enters the ship of a predator who eats people.”

Madison grinned. “Best put me out my misery then? I’m clearly too dumb to live.”

The man in black grinned then he kissed Madison on the forehead before looking her in the eyes. “Seriously though, we can just fuck. You don’t have to do this.”

Madison shook her head. “We could always fuck after you’ve given me it?”

The man in black checked his watch then nodded. “Actually it would be convenient to keep you blindfolded here for fifteen minutes.”

Madison grinned. “Then blindfold me, oh grand Dominator.”

The man in black blindfolded Madison, removed something from his pocket and placed it between her lips.

Madison swallowed it down and smiled as the man in black took her by the hand and led her through one of the interior doors.

Chapter 4
Everything Ends

An hour later Madison exited the ship in the shape of a statue with the man in black by her side.

“Do I have to go?” asked Madison.

The man in black smiled sadly and hugged Madison. “Go, live your life, get on the transport and go home.”

“Will you walk with me?” asked Madison.

The man in black shook his head. “We had fun, Madison, we had a lot of fun but this is where I take my leave and you go back to chips and that gilded cage called normality.”

Madison started to tear up. “But I love you.”

The man in black frowned and floundered to think of what to say.

“I was only ever a bit of fun to you wasn’t I?” asked Madison bitterly. “Just a nice bit of skirt for you to feel heroic denying yourself to?”

“No...” said the man in black, an edge to his voice. “No, things might have started that way but I assure you that is no longer the case.”

“Then take me.” said Madison. “You told me yourself, this ship can travel through time and you don’t need to do anything to me. We can just travel and flirt, just be mates...”

The man in black removed the green card Madison had given him when they first met from his top pocket. “We’re not friends Madison and I revoke my right to claim you legally.”

Madison burst into tears as she accepted the card. “I’m never going to see you again am I?”

The man in black entered the statue and the part of the wall that had slid away slid back.

Madison watched the statue fade from existence with a great stammering “Sh!”

Madison looked at the green card and saw written in blood the words:

Trust me

Madison stared at the words on the card, tears smudging the lettering. She straightened up, dried her eyes and started marching down the 7000 steps. She made sure to stop, drop a coin into the offering bowl and splash her forehead with water from the fountain at every shrine along the way.

Madison reached the displacement booth and picked out the transit station as her destination. A few blinks later and she was passing through check-in for the shuttle back to Earth. She passed through security in a daze. Her mind was racing. The Champion of the Logicios was not done with her yet.

Madison thought through the options he presented. If it was cyanide she'd already be dead or would die soon enough so she needn't worry about that but if it was the Smallpox capsule or the micronuke? She used the in-flight entertainment tablet to research the largest populations on Earth and started plotting a route through all of them. If she was to be a weapon then she would not allow herself to be wasted ineffectually.

Madison started chatting and flirting with passengers either side of her and it wasn't long before she was being fucked in the toilets by each of them. Not only did this help pass the time and ensure she had a pleasant trip with good company but it maximised the spread of infection. When the shuttle landed she started kissing everyone she encountered on the cheeks. Not even the girls seemed to mind.

As she waited for her coach she flirted with the driver, he couldn't go anywhere for fifteen minutes so they both had time to kill. Madison screamed good and loud as he fucked her, let him feel like he was a stud, let him feel confident, increase the risk of contamination.

It wasn't until she went to get dressed that Madison realized what was really going on. Her skirt was hanging loose, all her clothes were. Madison thanked the driver then exited the coach. She looked across the massive coach station, searching for somewhere safe to go. She spotted a workman's portaloo and started walking but her shoes didn't quite fit anymore and her legs were shorter so it was slow going and a long way to the portaloo.

As she walked she could feel her perspective shifting ever so slightly at a constant rate as her clothes became looser and looser, baggier and baggier by comparison. Eventually she strode right out of her canvas shoes and, without missing a beat, she picked them up, grabbed hold of the waistband of her skirt and knickers and started to run. As the adrenaline flooded through her body she shrunk faster and faster. She pounded it across the paving slabs. She was so nervous and nauseated that she started to feel excited and aroused. When at last she tripped over her own underwear and was sent flying across the pavement to skid awkwardly beside the portaloo she could feel herself dripping wet from excitement.

The door of the portaloo creaked open and Madison heard that familiar cat's purr of a chuckle. "Last chance to walk away. I can always leave you to be somebody else's pet."

"No chance." said Madison as she giggled.

A plastic container was lowered on its side before Madison.

Madison climbed in, still giggling.

The container was lifted to eye level with the man in black. "I am the Dominator and you will obey me."

Madison looked into those now massive blue eyes as she giggled.

Then she passed out.

Chapter 5
A New Beginning

Madison woke up lying on a plate of chips.
She looked up at her Dominator. There seemed to be something different about him, beyond the change in relative scale.

“Time delayed Pink Pill.” said the Dominator as he popped a chip into his mouth. “I wouldn’t have been so needlessly cruel about it but after your little speech about your willingness to bleed out just for my sadistic pleasure I thought you deserved a little show.”

Madison sat up cross legged on the plate. “So am I part of the menu here?”

The Dominator chuckled. “No. You are -” He caught himself. “I would like you to become my legal property and pet.”

“Of course!” cried Madison enthusiastically, a huge grin on her face.

The Dominator reached out to stroke Madison’s hair. “I’ve always known this is what I wanted to do to you. You’re so sweet and delicate. You make the perfect shrunken pet.”

Madison picked up a chip about as big as her arm and started nibbling on it.

“I could bring you back to full size you know?” said the Dominator. “We could go on trips together like you suggested? Travel the multiverse?”

Madison took a break from nibbling on the chip, looked to the Dominator and grinned. “I’d love that.”

“If you’re okay with going back in the cage?” asked the Dominator with a smirk. “That friend of mine keeps free range sylphs and they are always wandering off and getting into trouble.”

Madison giggled. “Of course. I told you I wanted you to dominate me. The travel’s fun but this is what I want.”

The Dominator smiled. “I don’t deserve you.”

Madison looked to him and grinned. “Lucky for you, that’s not your decision.”

“Of course not.” said the Dominator with a grin.

Madison nodded. “Good... And can we have sex again?”

“Maybe on your birthday...” said the Dominator thoughtfully.

“And will I ever get to know what it feels like to be slaughtered and eaten by you?” asked Madison. Curiously. “I am so curious and I swear it looks like you could almost swallow me whole.”

The Dominator chuckled. “Maybe on my birthday...”

Madison grinned. “So what happens after chips?”

*

An hour later Madison was switched back on. Her right butt cheek felt very sore and her right ear ached. She looked up at the Dominator and read the name on the certificate of ownership:

Malcolm Cornish Dreadwalker

The Dominator patted the travel cage. “Come on, Princess, the paperwork’s all done.”

Madison walked inside the cage, saw the hatch close and felt gravity shift. She was carried out of the store and across the car park.

The Dominator clicked his fingers and the door of a beaten up old Ford Prefect sprung open. The Dominator carried Madison inside then set the cage down on the spare bit of deskspace and opened the hatch.

Madison strode out onto the desk. “What happened while I was out?”

“Soul bonded barcode tattoo on your right butt cheek and a tag clipped to your right ear but there is something else.” said the Dominator as he lay down a small strip of fabric before Madison.

Madison stared at it and held it before herself. It was a collar with her name on it. She took a moment to appreciate it then secured the collar about her neck. “This is real, isn’t it?”

“Pretty real, yeah...” said the Dominator as he scooped Madison up in his hands. He held her up before him and stroked her head. “Having any second thoughts?”

Madison shook her head. “Not when you’re holding me, no.”

The Dominator smiled then he opened the hatch of a cage he’d just secured to the top of the navigation terminal. He pulled a chain leash out from the cage and secured it to Madison’s collar.

Madison smirked. “You know I have opposable thumbs and I can just unclip that right?”

“I know...” said the Dominator as he placed her gently inside the cage. “But I like the aesthetics. I didn’t ask you to chips for just your winning personality.”

Madison giggled then climbed up onto the swing built into the cage. As she started swinging she asked. “So will I ever get clothes or is that also an Aesthetics consideration? Because I know the dolls I had when I was growing up had an extensive wardrobe and they were about the size I am now.”

The Dominator chuckled and closed the hatch on the cage as he settled into the seat and began his pre-flight checks. “If it bothers you I’ll consider picking out some options for you.”

Madison shrugged. “I don’t mind, I just don’t want you to get too distracted mid-flight.”

The Dominator chuckled.

“So where are we going anyway?” asked Madison.

“There’s a planet where a few of us refugees from the break up of the Logicio empire are trying to rebuild, it also happens to be a pleasure planet.” said the Dominator.

“Neat...” said Madison as she swung happily.

“Pre-flight checks complete.” said the Dominator as he pulled a harness from behind the chair and buckled himself in. “Next stop Singularity Stalling.”